

Mr. Wilson in the Character of Patie.



Hear how I serv'd my Case, I love as well as ye do Jenny.

Act 2. Scene 2.

Terre, & Co.

Published by J. Harrison & Co. 1st July 1779.

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Printed

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THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A
SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

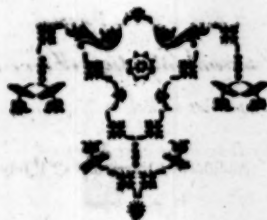
THEATRE - ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

Written by ALLAN RAMSAY. K

The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier;
That Colin hight, which well cou'd pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did here. SPENCER, p. 1113.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoster-Row; and Sold, likewise by
J. WENMAN, Fleet-Street; and all other Booksellers.

M DCC LXXIX.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.

ROGER, a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.

SYMON and GLAUD, two old shepherds, tenants
to Sir William.

BAULDY, a hind, engaged with Neps.

W O M E N.

PEGGY, thought to be Glaud's niece.

JENNY, Glaud's only daughter.

MAUSE, an old woman, supposed to be a witch.



ESPA, Simon's wife.

MADON, Glaud's sister.

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, within Twenty Hours.

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins by Day-light next Morning.

T H E G E N T L E S H E P H E R D.

A C T I.

PROLOGUE to the Scene.

*Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where cbrystal springs their balesome waters yield,
Twa youthsfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks as bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till bellow echoes ring;
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

Patie and Roger.

SANG I. Tune, *The waking of the fauld.*

Pat. **M**Y Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At waking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And nathing gies me sic delight
As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest, it is confess'd,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
And in her sangs are tald,
Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,
At waking of the fauld.

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How hartfom is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds' chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halefome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And a' the sweets it bears when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? What gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-fesson'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, oh, Patie! to a thravart fate;

I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.

Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,

Corbies and tods to grane for lambkins blood;

But I, oppress'd with never-ending grief,

Maun ay despair of lighting on relief. [hive.

Pat. The bees shall loath the flower, and quit the

The saughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,

Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly geer,

Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no eafy done

By ane whafe saul's fae sadly out of tune.

You hae fae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,

You are the darling of baith auld and young.

If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,

They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek;

And jeer me hameward frae the lone or bught,

While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought.

Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,

Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.

For ilka sheep ye hae, I'll number ten,

And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But, abins, nibour, ye hae not a heart,

And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.

If that be true, what signifies your gear?

A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine brow nowt were

Threelf-shot were, yet I these ill sendur'd: [smoor'd,

In winter last my cares were very sma',

Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as

Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine. [nine,

He that has just enough can soundly sleep:

The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross;

That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss:

Oh, may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,

That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drowth to quench;

Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,

And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clute

At the west-port, and bought a winsome flute,

Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry vijles round;

A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:

I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool!

Than you wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na, I'm nae sic churlish beast,

Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:

I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,

That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,

To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens.

Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide

Your weel-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:

Tak courage, Roger, me your forrows tell,

And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Rog. Indeed, now, Patie, you ha'e guess'd o'er true;
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.
Me dortsy Jenny looks upon afloat;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco' blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy, that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat,
He fights for Neps; fae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'd nae loo her—but in vain;
I still maun doat, and thole her proud difdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
E'en while he fawn'd the strack the poor dumb Tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha' shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.
Last night I play'd—(ye never heard sic spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte:
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin spear'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd—
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do fae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebeins she be sic a thrown-gabit chuck?
Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all houp,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's loup.

Rog. I need na mak such speed my blood to spill,
I warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Dast gowk! leave aff that silly, whingeing way;

Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass, I love as weel
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as feel.
Last morning I was gay, and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glow'ring about.
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Peggy saw nae me:
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wisht.
Her coats were kilts, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw;
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her basset-locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
And, oh, her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in busfine waistcoat clean,
As the same skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythsome, I cry'd, my bonny Meg, come here;
I ferly wherefore ye're fae soon after:
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew—
She scour'd awa', and said, 'What's that to you?
Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts, and e'en's ye like,
I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back;
Miscaw'd me first—then bad me houpnd my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and fae did she; then, wi' great haste,
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist,
About her yielding waist, and took a south
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowand mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very soul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me, 'tween ilka smack;
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your Jo puts on her gloom,
Do you fae too, and never fash your thumb:
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood:
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. Tune, *Fy gar rub her e'er with frae.*

Dear Roger, if you Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a sight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them despise, who're soon defairt,
And wi' a simple face give way
To a repulse; then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty-lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een;
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blith,
And let her sigh, when 'tis too late.

Rog. Kind Patie! now fair fa' your honest heart;
Ye're ay fae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
To hearten aye: for now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,
(My mither, rest her soul! she made it fine)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawlock woo',
Scarlet and green the fets, the borders blew,
With sprains like gowd and filler cross'd with
I never had it yet upon my back. [black;
Weel are ye wordy o't, who ha'e fae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Weel, hald ye there; and since ye've
frankly made

A present to me of your brow new plaid,
My flute's be yours; and she too, that's fae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to obsew't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't:
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;
For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right:
By that time, bannocks, and a shave of cheefe,
Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please:
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they fae wife
To season meat with health, instead of spice.
When we have ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysel. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*A flowerie bowen, between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to soaps and spread their claes,
A trotting burnie twinkling throw the ground,
It's channel pebbles, shining, smooth, and round.
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear;
While Jenny, what she wishes discommends,
And Meg, with better sense, true love defends.*

Peggy and Jenny.

Jen. Come, Meg, let's fa' to walk upon this green,
This shining day will bleech our linen clean;
The water clear, the list unclouded blew
Will mak them like a lily wet with dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;
Between twa birks out-o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a singand din:
A pool, breast-deep, beneath, as clear as glais,
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bordering grafs;
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash ourselfs—it's healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauter on fae warm a day.

Jen. Dast lassie! when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae;

And see us fae? That jeering fallow, Pate,
Wad, taunting, say, Haith, lassies, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyond the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your woner with disdain?

The neighbours a' tant this as well as I,
That Roger loo's ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him. Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepith yet I never kend.

He kaises his hair, indeed, and gars right snug,
With ribbon-krots at his blue bonnet lug,
Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a-gee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He fauls his owrelay down his breast with care,
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, How d'ye?—or, There's a bonny day.

Peg. Ye dafh the lad wi' constant slighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld.
What's like a dorty maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted wean that tarrows at it's meat.
That for some feckleless whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or fear anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III. Tune, *Polwart on the green.*

The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld;
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at it's meat,
And's laugh'd at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past;
Thus, by itself abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fie, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I—but love, in whispers, lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my Jo, he kens himself;
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glows and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that flay'ry like, and may be free?
The chieles may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, la! how can you loo that rattle-skull?
A very deel, that ay maun hae his wull.

We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, fae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head,
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,
And what we do, there's nane dare ca't it rude.
He's get his wull; why no? 'Tis good my part,
To gi' him that, and he'll gi' me his heart.

Jen. He may, indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o' ye, wi' an unco phraife,
And dawt ye, baith afore fowk and your lane;
But soon as this new-fangleness is gane,

He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead, then, of lang days of sweet deelyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte;
And, may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV. Tune, *Oh, dear mother, what shall I do?*

Oh, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust to smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.

Lassies, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith
My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love. [to move
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,

But want of him, I dreed nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.

And then he speaks wth sic a taking art,
His words they thrille like music throw my heart.
How blythely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckleless fears that fright the lave!

Ilk day that he's aiane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is—but what need I say that or this,
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!

In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure:
Ill-nature hefts in fauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V. *How can I be sad on my, &c.*

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony one of thae
Sour, weak, silly fallows, that study, like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and mak their wives snools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse—
Her for a sma' failing, but find an excuse.

Jen. Hry, Bonny Lads of Branksome, or't be lang
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.

Oh, it's a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whinding gets about your ingle side,
Yelping for this or that wi' fishous din:
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.

Ane wean fa's sick, and scauds itsel wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither times his shoe.
The deel gae o'er Jock Wabster: hame grows hell;
When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, it's a heartsom thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
Gif I'm fae happy, I shall hae delight

To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;

When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love maks care delight?

Jen. But poorith, Peggy, is the warit of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw,
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom:

Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—
The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your washers, and may rot your ewe:
A dyvor buys your butter, woo and cheese,
But on the day of payment breaks and flees,

Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent:
 'Tis not to gie; your merchant's to the bent.
 His honour mauna want, he poinds your gear:
 Syne, driven frae house and hald, where wi' ye steer?
 Dear Meg, be wife, and lead a single life;
 Troth it's nae mows to be a married wife

Peg. May sic ill luck besa' that filly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd: let Heaven mak out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften fy.

That lads should a' for wives that s' virtuous pray:
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A well-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
 To gather walth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock o' lambs, cheefe, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be fald to pay the laird his due,
 Syne a' behind's our ain;—thus, without fear,
 Wi' love and rowth we throw the world will steer;
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rise,
 He'll bies the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young gigit on the green,
 With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een:
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg—

Peg. Nae mair of that—dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we:
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.
 They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile:
 Sae, whensoever they sight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to aye their wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art,
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart,
 At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
 In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stae;
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething-pat's be ready to tak aff.
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
 Good-humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of marry'd love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride.
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
 That in return defends it frae the west.
 Sic as stand single (a state sae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield,
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae,
 Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. Tune, *Nan'sy's to the Green Wood gane.*

I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying;

For a' that we can do or say

'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
 That by the heartstrings lead us.

Peg. Alack! poor pris'ner! Jenny that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air;
 Haste, let him out, we'll rent as weel's we can,
 Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good—for see the sun
 Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
 To breathe the graith:—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
 But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
 For this seems true, nae lads can be unkind.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug back bouse, before the door a green;
 Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen:
 On this side stands a barn, on that a byer:
 A pett-flack joins, and forms a rural square.
 The bouse is Glau'd's;—there you may see him lean,
 And to his diyet-seat invite his frien'.*

Glau'd and Symon.

Glau'd. **G**OOD-morrow, neighbour Symon, come
 sit down,

And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news in town?
 They tell me ye was in the ither day,
 And fald your Crummock, and her bassen'd quey.
 I'll warrant ye've cost a pund of cut and dry;
 Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try. [bny,

Sym. Wi' a' my heart;—and tent me now, auld
 I've gather'd news, will kittle your mind wi' joy.
 I cou'd na rest till I came o'er the burn,
 To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
 Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
 And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glau'd. Fy, blaw!—Ay, Symmie! rattling chieils
 ne'er stand

To cleck and spread i' the grossest lies aff-hand,
 Whilek soon flies round like will-fire far and near:
 But loose your poke, be't true or false, let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glau'd; and I ha'e seen
 Hab, that abroad has with our master been,
 Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
 And left a fair estate to fave his head,
 Because ye ken fou well, he bravely chose
 To stand his liege's friend, wi' great Montrose.
 Now Cromwell's gané to Nick, and aye ca'd Monk,
 Has plaid the Rump a right sice begunk;
 Restor'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune;
 And Habbie says, we'll see Sir William soon

SANG VII. Tune, *Cald kail in Aberdeen.*

Could be the rebels cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Blest be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high his station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king, and nation.

Glau'd. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna
 Tell o'er your news again! and swear til'ta'. [flaw;
 And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
 They have been e'en a dreary time away.

Now, God be thanked, that our laird's come hame,
 And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane
 Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
 And good Sir William sall enjoy his ane.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

7

Glaud. And may he lang, for neyer did he stent
Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or thow'd to raise,
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claiiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

Put on your bonnet, Symon—tak a feat—
How's a' at hame?—How's E' spa!—How does Kate?
How sells black cattle?—What gie's woo this year?
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII. Tune, *Mucking of Geordy's byre.*

The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour
To rise aboon poverty;

Else, lik the pack-horse that's unfother'd
And burden'd, will tumble down faint,
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd
And rackers aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeene
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gar'd me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day.
We'll fend for Elspa too—and upo' fight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown,
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna baulk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it had na first of a' been mine:
For here-yestreen I brew'd a'bow of maut,
Yestreen I slew two wathers prime and fat;
A surlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hings resting in the nook.
I saw my fell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat, that feads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil;—and ane we'll roast,
And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost.
Sma' are they thorn; and she can mix fou nice
The guffy ingans with a curn of spice,
Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet weel sung;
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our master's health and welcome hame.
Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
Bring wi' ye a' your family, and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye're fell. Auld Birky, never fear
But at your banquet I shall first appear:
Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld,
Auld, said I!—Troth, I'm younger by a score,
Wi' your good news, than what I was before. [hear?]
I'll dance o'er e'en!—Hey, Madge, come forth, d'ye

Enter Madge.

Madge. The man's gain gyte!—Dear Symon,
welcome here!—

What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin? Stuff!—Gae break your wheel,
and burn your tow,
And set the meikle peet-stack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye do,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed.—And wha wast told
you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you?—gae get my Sun-
day's coat.

Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands;

My whyt skin hose, and mittens for my hands;
Then frae their washin cry the bairns in haste,
And make ye'relts as trig, head, feet, and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gawn o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeene,
Sym. Do, honest Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er
the gait,

And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*The open field—a cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the junny end.—
At a sma' distance, by a blasted tree,
With falded arms, and baulf-rai'd looks, ye see
Bauldy, his lane.*

Baul. What this!—I canna bear't? 'Tis warthan
To be fae brunt with love, yet darna tell! [heil,
Oh, Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany gliens or new-mawn hay:
Blyther than lambs that frisk out-o'er the knows,
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast it's beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dea, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate looes her—wae me! and the looes Pate,
And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow!—Oh, but ane be a beast,
That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy,
'Tis fair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To brak wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
Can cast her contraipts, and gi'e me advice.
She can o'er-cast the night, and cloud the moon,
And make the deels obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
And howks uncloisten'd weans out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow;
Rins witherthins about the humlock low;
And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom of black tairs and snakes:
Of this, unfonfy pictures aft the makes
Of ony ane she hates;—and gars expire
With slaw and racking pains afore a fire,
Stuck fou of prins; the dev'lish pictures melt,
The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
And yonder's Maufe; ay, ay, she kens fou weel,
When ane like me comes rinnin to the deel.
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard;
To speak my errand, faith, amais't I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, though I should never thrive;
They gallop fast, that deels and lassies drive! [Exit.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*A green keil yard, a little fount,
Where water poplin springs,
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX. Tune, *Carle, an' the king come.*

Maufe. Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come:
Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk.

Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Enter Bauldy.

Baul. How does auld honest lucky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs before the sun.
What brings my bairn this gait sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead—to thresh, nae corn?

Baul. Enough of baith—but something that requires

Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

Mause. My helping hand, alake? what can I do,
That underneith beith eild and poortith bow?

Baul. Ay, but you're wife, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posselt,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wife and
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell. [sell,

Mause. What fowk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing hae to fear.

Baul. Well, since ye bid me, I shal tell you a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.

When the last wind made Glaud a rooffless barn,

When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn,

When Brawn/elf-shot never mair came hame;

When Tibby kirk'd and, there, nae butter came;

When Bess, Freetock's chuff,--cheeked wean

To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand it's lane;

When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,

And tint himsel smaist among the snaw;

When Mungo's mare flood still, and swat wi' fright,

When he brought east the Howdy under night.

When Bawf, shot to dead upon the green,

And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:

You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,

And ilk ane here dreads ye a' round about;

And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith;

For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;

But when I acist make grots, I'll strive to please

You wi' a surlet of them mixt wi' pease.

Mause. I thank ye, lad—now tell me your de-

And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand. [mand,

Baul. Then—I like Peggy--Neps is fond of me--

Peggy likes Pate;—and Patie's bauld and see,

And looes sweet Meg--But Neps I downa see--

Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than

Peggy's to me—I'd be the happiest man.

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,

Sae gang your ways, and come again at night;

'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,

Worth all your pease and grots: take ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can

But if ye raise the deel, he'll raise the wind; [find;

Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,

Will make the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gait.

We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,

O, will ye come like badrans for a jest;

And there ye can ou' different haviour spy;

There's nae shall ken o' there but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may;—but let na on what's past

'Tween you and me, else fear a kirtle cast.

Baul. If I aught o' your secrets e'er advance,

May ye ride on the ilka night to France. [Ex. Baul.

Mause. [Her lane.] Hard luck, alake! when po-

verty and eild,

Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,

Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,

Gi'e ane the batesy' name, a wrinkled witch.

This fool imagines, as do many sic,

That I'm a witch, in compact with auld Nick,

Because by education, I was taught

To speak and act aboon their common thought.

Their grots, mistake shall quickly now appear, [here.

Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me

Now since the royal Charles, and right's refter'd,

A shepherdess is daughter to a lord,

The bonny foundling that's brought up by Glaud,
Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,
Her infant life I sav'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to the usurper, and her death design'd;
To establish him and his in all these plains
That by right heritage to her 'pertain.
She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms.
Nane kens't but me;—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them all sing dumb.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*Behind a tree, upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love without a vicious stain,
The bonny lufs and chearfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweeter.
Patie and Peggy.*

Peg. Oh, Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa' wi' Jenny gane;

They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.

Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds fough through the reeds.

Peg. The scented meadows, birds, and healthy
Fought I ken, may mair than Peggy please. [breeze,

Pat. Ye wrang me, fair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking false, ye ca' me dull and blind,

Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my sweet Meg, or worthy of my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear.

Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble through the merl or mavis' throates.

With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.

The sweetest fruits, that hang upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peg. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.

I darna stay;—ye joker, let me gang,
Another lufs may gar ye change your sang.

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap.

The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to clim—the sheep to yield the fleece,

Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall do thee wrang, I swear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith—But mony lads will
And be manforn to twa in half a year: [swear,

Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart should steal,

Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was daunted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change, ye need na fear,
Though we're but young I loo'd you mony a year.

Aft to the tansy-know or rasy strand;
Or slip out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang

Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand
Thou smiling by my side—I took delite

To pou the rashes green, with roots sae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy could,

For thee I plet the flow'ry beir and snood.

SANG X. Tune, *The yellow-bair'd ladie.*

Peg. When first my dear ladie gade to the green-hilly
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,

To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the boughing forgather'd wi' thee.

Pat. When corn-riggs wad' yellow, and blue
hether-bells,

Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells.
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peg. When thou ran or wrestled, or putted the flane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy iika sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Pat. Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden-broom-
knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews,
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing,
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bef' gars our lugs ring.

Peg. But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-fide, or the Lads of the Mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Pat. How easy can lassies trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

Peg. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewe first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whims e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put the flane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
As a' thar sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or put with thee.

Pat. Jenny sing fast the Broom of Cowden-knows,
And Rosie liltis the Milking of the Ews;
There's nane like Nanse, Jenny Nettles sings:
At turns in Maggy Loader, Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill
The Boatman, or the Lads of Patie's Mill,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
Though they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lassies trow what they desire,
And rous'd, by them we love, blows up that fire:
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleases to be for thee.

Pat. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave:
At naught they'll ferly—senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve—
Sicne'er could win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is to thee.

Peg. Agreed—but hearken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly—now a kindly kiss,
Or fivecore good anes wad not be amiss:
And syne we'll sing the song with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire—
Pat. —Well I agree.

SANG XI.

Pat. By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny?

Peg. But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sow'r.

Pat. But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
Red-cheeked ye completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f-year.

Peggy, falling into Patie's Arms.

Then dinna pou' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And nint nae farrer, till we've got the grace.

Patie, with his left Hand about her Waist.

Oh, charming armfu', hence, ye cares, away;
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day,
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Both. Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
Oh, lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day;
And, if ye're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd with time;
An elwan fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been:
But rubist, it is the knight in masquerad,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Throw his auld av'nu'es, and delightfu' groves.

Sir William, solus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'd for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet, midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah, me! it desolately stands,
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
My gardeas once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks:
But overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,
No Jaccacinths or Eglantines appear.
How fall'd and broke's the rising aniple shade,
Where peach and neet'rine trees their branches spread,
Basking in rays, and early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use;
All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd—and now my joy
Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since Heav'n, too soon, call'd home his mother fair:
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we shou'd see what changing times brought forth,

Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careleis o'er the height and lawn
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A calm contented mortal spends his time
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

SANG XII. Tune, *Happy Clown*.

Hid from himself, now, by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleating flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles o'er the day,
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisy,
When truth and love with joys agree,
Unfully'd with a crime.
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great.
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and un-afraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rs good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day.
Ah on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
And vissy't round and round,
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or costly to be found:
Yet all is clean; a clear peet ingle
Glances amidst the floor;
The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
On skelfs foregaist the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld ones think it best,
With the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.

Symon, Glau'd, and Elfsa.

Glau'd. We anes were young ourselves—I like to see
The bairns bob round wi' other merrily.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade:
Among our laos he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the clev'rest of them a'.

Elfs. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith;
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith:
He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glau'd. I trow, good wife, if I be not mista'en,
He seems to be with Peggy's beauty ta'en;
And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye weel ken; a bonnyer needna be.
Nor better—be't she were use kin to me.

Sym. Ha, Glau'd! I doubt that ne'er will be a match;
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And, or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mix'd with the mools mysel.

Glau'd. What reason can ye hae? There's nane,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor: [I'm sure,
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ane Jenny kind;
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ane birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fill a kirk,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,

Ten lambs, at spaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawls I'll yearly to them give.

Elfs. Ye offer fair, kind Glau'd; but dinna speer
What, may be, is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days, likely, he shall learn
That our denial dinna fligh his bairn.

Glau'd. Weel, nae mair o't—come, gie's the other
bend;
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[Their healths gae round.]

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glau'd—by some gift, I say,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glau'd. That clat'eran, Madge, my titty, tells sic
Whene'er our Meg her cankark humour gaws, [flaws,

Enter Jenny.

Jen. Oh, father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen;
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard:
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say;
Nane shall gang hungry by my house this day.

[Exit Jenny.]

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair o't than my grey mare.

Glau'd. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I
For greater liars never ran there out. [doubt;

Re-enter Jenny, bringing Sir William; with them
Patie.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest earle—Here, tak a
seat.

Sir Wil. I give ye thanks, good man, I'll be no
biate.

Glau'd. [Drinks.] Come, t'ye, friend—How far
cam ye the day?

Sir Wil. I pledge ye, nibor—e'en but little way:
Routted with eild, a wae piece-gate seems lang;
Twa miles, or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and bord as we can gie.

Sir Wil. That's kind, unfought. Weel, gin ye have
That yelike weel, and wad his fortune learn, [a bairn
I shall employ the farthest o' my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Sym. [Pointing to Patie.] Only that lad—alack,
I hae nae mae!

Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae.

Sir Wil. Young man, let's see your hand—What
gars ye saer?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Wil. Ye cut before the point—but, billy, bide;
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elfs. Beteech us to! and weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the deal's owre grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since first he wore a fark.

Sir Wil. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elfs. A laird!—Hear ye, good man? What think
ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken. Strange auld man, what art
thou?

Fair fa' your heart; 'tis good to bode o' wealth:
Come, turn the timmer to laird Peggie's health;

[Patie's health gae round.]

Pat. A laird o' twa good whistles, and a kent,
Twa curs my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be;
Sae, cunning earle, ne'er break your jokes on me!

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

11

Sym. Whisht, Patie, let the man look owre your hand:

Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

Elf Preserv's!—the man's a warlock, or possels'd With some nae good, or second-sight at least.

Whar is he now?—

Glaud.—He's seeing a' that's done In ilka place beneath or yont the moon.

Elf. These second-sighted fowl, his peace be here! See things far aff, and things to come, as clear As I can see my thumb—wow! can he tell (Speer at him soon as he comes to himsel) How soon we'll see Sir William. Whisht! he heaves, And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better—Elspa, haste ye, gae, And fill him up a taks of usquebat.

Sir William starts up and speaks.

A knight that for a lion fought,
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.
But now again the lion rears,
And spreads joy o'er the plain;
The tield has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.

That knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fould;
And shall present him to his king,
A subject true and bauld.
He master Patrick shall be call'd—
All you that hear me now,
May weel believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel;

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deels,
To tell some tales that fowls wad secret keep:
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep?

Sir Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard;
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward:
Bet I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That a' I prophesy will soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowl are odd kind men;
They're here that ken, and here that diina ken
The wimpld meaning o' your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how *Sym* believes,

And takes't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes whilk he evens to Patie:
But what we wish we trow at any rate.

Sir Wil. Whisht, doubtfu' carle! for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Weel, be't fae, friend; I shall say naith.
But I've twa sonly lasses young and fair, [sing mair,
Plump, ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sir Wil. Nae mair thro' secrets can I list,
Till darknels black the bent:
I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, east on the claiith, fetch butt some
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat. [meat.

Sir Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care,
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire—
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syn'e sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play,
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be grey. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Jenny pretends an errand bame,
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And show his lassie's breast.*

*Behind a bush, sweet bid frae sight, they meet:
See, Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.*

Poor shepherd!

Roger and Jenny.

Reg. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let;
And yet I ergh ye're ay sae scornfu' fet.

Jen. And what wad Roger say, if he could speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Reg. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een;
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn.
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.
Ah, cou'd I loo ye less, I'd happy be!
But happier far, cou'd ye be but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

Reg. A'ake, my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I think to tell ye out my tale!
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jen. I loo my father, cousin Meg I love;
But, to this day, nae man my heart cou'd move.
Except my kin, ilk lads alike to me;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Reg. How lang, dear Jenny?—Say na that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free.
Wha kens but ye may rew, and pity me?

Jen. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget.
Wow, but we're bonny, good, and ev'ry thing!
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to gie consent,
Than we our dassin, and tint pow'r repent:
When prison'd in fear wa's, a wife, right tame,
Altho' the first the greatest drudge at hame.

Reg. That only happens, when, for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind,
Of diff'rent tempers that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me
(Tho' you shou'd scorn) still to delight in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae wooer's lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes, and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair, the morning rise,
And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies;
I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear.

The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Reg. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring rin wimpling throw the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean, without stain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

SANG XIII. Tune, *Liebt-Wynd.*

Jen. Were I a liar'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The easy maid, beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain;

For I must own, now, since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
With'd to be pair'd with thine.

Rog. I'm happy now; ah, let my head
Upon thy breast recline!
The pleasure strikes me near hand dead—
Is Jenny then sae kind?
Oh, let me bris thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine!
Delytful thought! We'll never part!
Come, press thy mouth to mine.

Jen. Were I but sure, you lang wou'd love main—
The fewest words my easy heart could gain; [taint,
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmth in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! ha'd my head!
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms—or strike me—I'm a fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love—Let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and flans away,
And ferly at the quick return o' day.
Oh, Jenny, let my arms about thee twine,
And bris thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

[They embrace.]

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gives way,
To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
Now, by thae warmest kisses thou hast ta'en,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me dead and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dauted wife,
If you agreed wi' me to lead your life.

Jen. Weel, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent; he'll hardly say ye nay;
Ye ha'e what will commend him to ye weel;
Auld fowks, like them, that want nae milk and meal.

SANG XIV. Tune, O'er Bogie.

Weel, I agree, ye're sure of me;
Neist to my father gae:

Mak him content to gi'e consent,
He'll hardly say ye nay:

For ye have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel;

Since parents auid, think love grows gauld,
When bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na-by,
He'd contradict in vain;

Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee, I will ha'e nane.

Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree:

And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

Rog. My foulds contain twice fifteen sorrow nowt,
As mogy newcal in my byers rowt:
Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a'; which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee;
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
My love and a' is yours; now ha'd them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best—But see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg—besides, I mauna stay.

Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal o' scorn.

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the merrin—
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep trifle, and meet me there; there let us meet,
To kiss, and tell our love; there's nought sae sweet.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This scene presents the knight and Sym,
Within a gallery of the place.*

*Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the baron shewn his face;*

*But, joking wi' his shepherd feel,
As speers the gate be hens full weel.*

Sir William and Simon.

Sir Wil. To whom belongs this house, so much
decay'd?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.

Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now he's come hame.

[*Sir William draps his masking beard;*

Symon, transported, sees

*The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And clasps him round the knees.*

My master! my dear master!—Do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith;
Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants' fight,
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight?

Sir Wil. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy;

I came to view this care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conquest has been wife;

Since still the secret thou'lt securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first luck—neist my ane judgment fand

Out reasons plenty—since, without estate, [blate.
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks bauch and

Sir Wil. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, pass their prime;

Hang on their friends, which gi'es their faults a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, weel I wat, Sir, ye ha'e spoken true;
For there's Laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few.

His father sleight his fortune in his wame;
And left his heir nought but a gentle name:

He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace,

Oppressing a' as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree o' kin:

Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ane fam'ly as to gi'e him trust.

[wealth

Sir Wil. Such useless branches of a common
Should be lopt off, to gi'e the state mair health.

Unworthy bare reflection—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son;

A parent's fondness eas'ly finds excuse;
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the longest simmer day
Wad be o'er short, cou'd I them right display.

In word and deed he can sae weel behave,
That out o' fight he rins afore the lave;

And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge to tell whase cause is best,

And his decret stands good—he'll gar it stand;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand:

Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

[proceed:

Sir Wil. Your tale much pleaseth—my good friend
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I did na spare
To gi'e him, at the school, enough o' lair;
And he delyt's in books—he reads and speaks,
Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Wil. Where gets he books to read, and of what
kind?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he dri'es our sheep t' Edentburgh
He buys some books of hist'ry, fangs, or sport: [port,
Nor does he want o' them that rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespeare, and a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best o' men.
How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He ken's fu' weel, and ga's the verses ring.

I sometimes thought, he made o'er great a phrase
About fine poems, histories and plays.
When I re' row'd him anes—a book he brings,
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

Sir Wil. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear: [ear,
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?

When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our fell.

Sir Wil. Well jested, Symon—but one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age, when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;
Has nae young lassie, wi' inviting mein
And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the worst, but ken'd the sma'est part;
(Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
With Glaud's fair niece) than I thought right or meet.
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Syn, like yourself, your son will soon appear.
A gentleman enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
May blest the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

Sir Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me,
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command:
Straight in my own apparel I'll go drefs;
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not downright me.

[Exit Symon.]

Sir Wil. Whene'er th' event of hope's success ap-
One happy hour cancels the toil of years. [pears,
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares vanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past, enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love,
I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps, that may his soul improve.

Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews it's light,
Till careful polishing has made it shine:

To education makes the genius bright.

SANCTUARY. Tune, *What ye wba I met yestreen.*
Now am rufficity, and love,
Whae flames but over-lowly burn,
My ge'le shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn.

As the rough di'mond, from the mine,
In breakings only shews it's light,
Till polishing has made it shine:
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

[Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former Page.

Glaud's onset—Enter Maufe and Madge.

Madge. OUR laird's come hame, and owns
young Pate his heir!

Maufe. That's news indeed!

Madge.—As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, Ha'd ye merry a'!
We fer'y'd mickle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch, he whirled forth a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

Maufe. Then fure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and ha'd out their loof.

Madge. As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee Tod Lawrie ha'd without his mow,
When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In summer days slides backward in a pool:
In short, he did for Pate braw things foretel,
Without the help of conjuring or spells.
At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
His welcome mifter: round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne for blythneis grat.
Patrick was sent for—happy lad is he!
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon;

And troth it's e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no, sae meikle as to Pate himsel.

Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Maufe. It may be sae; wha kens, and may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain:
Even kings have tane a queen out of the plain,
And what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense! Love tak root bot tocher-
good,

'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood!
Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be;
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Maufe. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may
gain.

Yonder he comes, and wow! but he looks fain,
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her! slaverin doof! it sets him
weel

To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil!

Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

Maufe. Ye'd be as darty in your choice as he:
And so wad I: but, whist! here Bauldy comes.

Enter Bauldy, singing.

Jockey said to Jenny: Jenny wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a sit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good;
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quoth Jockey, ye may let it be.

Madge. Weel liltit, Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.
Baul. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[Sings again.]

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byer.
A peatfack fore the door, we'll mak a rantin fire:
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry fall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jockey, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free:

Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

I trow fae—lassies will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their shaw-ba' a cast.

Mause. Weel, Bauldy, how goes a'?

Baul. Faith unco right:

I hope we'll a sleep sound, but aye, this night. [ask.

Madge. And wha's the unlucky ane? If we may

Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult task.

Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate tur'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Mause, stand by,
White Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me,
I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove;
Lefs wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Neeps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.
Fy, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
What ither lass will throw a mansworn herd?
The curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of sic sinful deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece to gray a gate,
Nor will she be advis'd, fo' weel I wate.

Baul. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest;
Ye leed, auld roudes—and in faith had best
Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand
Wi' a het face afore the haly band. [brock.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand? ye sneveling-gabbit
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
Can slyp the skin o'er cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye/witnefs, Mause, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn—I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be ferv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!— [Flees to his hair like a fury—A

flout battle—Mause endeavours to redd them.

Mause. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! how't,
Bauldy, teen

I wadna wish this tuitzie had been seen,
'Tis fae daft-like—

[Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding nose.

Madge.—'Tis daster-like to thole
An ether-cap like him, to blaw the coal.
It fets him wi' a vile unscrapt tongue
To cast up whether I be auld or young.
They're auld'er yet than I hae marry'd been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

Mause. That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to
blame,

To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Baul. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the
same.

Madge. Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

Mause. Howt, no—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest
Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farther
Ye maun forgie'm: I see the lad looks wae. [gae.

Baul. In troth now, Mause, I hae at Madge nae
But the abusing first was a' the wye [spite;
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquaintance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae
greet,

And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.
Vow and loup back—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swiath tak him deel, he's o'er lang out of hell.

Baul. [Running off.] His presence be about us!
Curst were he.

That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[Exit Bauldy.

Madge. [Laughing.] I think I hae towzled his
harigalds awae;

He'll no' son grein to tell his love to me.

He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve

A lassie fae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye tow'z'd him tightly—I commend ye
His bloodin' snoot gae me nae little sport! [for't,
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith, to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch!—how had ye patience this to
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear? [bear,

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like
Obliges folk resentment to decline, [mine,
Till aft' tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supplie;
Thus I put aff revenge till it was dark,
Syn'e bad him come, and we should gang to wark;
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool my fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll hag, as I protest:
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghast.

A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grant and shake my head.
We'll flig him fae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us gae, for see, 'tis hard on night,
The westlin cloud shines with a setting light.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green-sward grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, is comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.

Reg. Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart loup's
light!

O, maister Patrick, ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle-folk are farrer seen than we,
That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding, sweet, and nae mair scorn.
I spak my mind, she heard, I spak again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't--But O my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me boon the lave.

With looks a' kindness, words that love confess,
He a' the father to my soul express,

While close he held me to his manly breast:
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth

Of thy lov'd mother, blessing o' my youth
Who set too soon! And while he praise bestow'd,

Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd,
My new-born joys, and this his tender do.

Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That speechless lang, my late-ken'd I view'd,

While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.

Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I myself with rising raptures found,
The happy son of aye sae much renown'd.
But he has heard—too faithfu' Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
Which he forbids—ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat my heart shall sooner cease.

Reg. How to advise ye, truth I'm at a stand:
But woe's t my case, ye'd clare it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty, and hasten reason plead his cause:
But what cares love for reason, rules and laws?
Still in my heart my shepherd's ex'ce s,
And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG XVI. Tune, *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty and part of reason
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love so superior calls treason;
The strongest must be obey'd.

For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My obstancy falsehood repels:
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Reg. Enjoy them baith—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows and stronger ties of love,
And fra these bonds nae fate my mine shall move.
I'll wed nae else, thro' life I will be true,
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Reg. Is not our master and yourself to stay
Among us, here—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts.

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we ad-
vance,

To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance,
An twa three ither monkey-tricks—that done,
I come, hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wae weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel:
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sponer than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Reg. They wha have just enough can foundly sleep,
The owrecome only fumes fowk to keep.
Good, Mr. Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought at night's
the same:

The poor and rich but differ in the name,
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae boon the life—without it kings are poor.

Reg. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pike it scanty on the bent:
Fine claithes, fast beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends when'er ye dine,
Submissive servants, honour, wealth, and ease,
What's no content with these is ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er their bliss:
The passions rule the roost—and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour:
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang, like the sharpest goads, in gentry's side,
The gouts, and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowk o'erlaid with ease,
While o'er the moor, the shepherd wi' le's care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halefome air.

Reg. Lord, man, I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, when'er I hearken to your sighs,
How gat ye a' that sense I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some
skill,

Thae best can teach what's real good and ill:
Ne'er grudge ilk year to wae some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Reg. I'll do t, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy:
Faith I'll ha' books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky:
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies: his will maun be obey'd;
My vows I'll keep, and the shal be my bride:
But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

Reg. Plead'st that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the de'il's defy. [Exit Roger.

Pat. [Solus.] Wi' what a struggle maun I now
import

My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken the looes; and her fast faul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment.—Heav'n, support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.—
Her eyes are red! —

Enter Peggy.

My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Though I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Reg. I dare na think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made nae me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
What can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carry'd, by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love, as weel as to obey.

Sir William's generous; leave the task to me,
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Reg. Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my
But short I dare to hope the fond relief. [Grief:
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I, poor me!—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my hartfome Pate;
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales express,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang.
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin ha'f breathless round the rucks of hay;
As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
And fa'n on purpose, that I might be ta'en.
Nae mair around thy Peggy-know I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gie me ease;
May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
And warst of ills, attend my wretched life,
If e'er to aye, but you, I be a wife!

SANG XVII. *Wae's my heart that we shou'd sunder.*

Speak on—speak thus, and still my grief,

Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,

When Pate must from his Peggy sunder;

A gentler face, and silk attire,

A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,

Alake, poor me! will now conspire,

To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell
Ah, I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the know wi' silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, Heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
Though thou should prove a wand'ring lover,
Through life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

Pat. Sure Heav'n approves—and be assur'd o' me,
I'll near gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
And time, though time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, shou'd it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
To sit as ha'e the patience to be kings.

Wherefore that tear? Believe, and calm thy mind.
Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
Wi' patience, then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
To mak me fitter for my trav'ler's arms;
I'll gain on uncle Glau'd—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me through ilk school;
Where I may manners learn.

SANG XVIII. *Tweed-side.*

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will save't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him e'er in sight.
With patience I'll wait the lang year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away, till thou appear
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilk thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.
For beauty, that's only skin deep,
Must fade, like the gowns in May;
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband ha'e sense to approve.

Pat. That's wisely said;
And what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
Though, without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, left in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unken'd,

Affect aimes to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state:
Laugh, when we're sad; speak, when we've nought
to say;

And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae;
Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still—but I'll be ought wi' ther.

Pat. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
Wi' gentry's apes; for still among the best
Gude manners gie integrity a bleer,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does im-
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love. [prove;
But soon as I've shook off my landart east
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. Wi' ev'ry setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heav'n, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the suckler brae,
Where aye we went, when bairns, to rin and play;
And to the hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll after gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XIX. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

At setting day, and rising morn,
Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe return,
Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll visit aye the Birken-bush,
Where first thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush
Whilk round thou didst infald me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
To greenwood-shaw or fountain.
Or where the simmer-day I'd share
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss and wear about my arm.

Peg. Were't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
I'd gie the best I cou'd wi' the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To war'e't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's sifter meaning better is exprest,
When it's with kisses on the heart imprest. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possib,
And roars up Symon frae bis kindly rest.
Bare-leg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the st.

Sym. **W**HAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early
hour,

While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath it's pow'r?

Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake and glower, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Baul. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale;
My head's grown giddy—legs wi' shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be mysel again.

I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! Oh, Symon! Oh!

Sym. [*Gives him a drink.*] What ails thee, gowk!
to mak sae loud ado?

You've wak'd Sir William; he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd—I hear his tread.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Wil. How goes the night? Does day-light yet
Symon, you're very timeously afeer. [*appear?*—

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest:
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress;
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghait.

Baul. Oh, ay—dear Sir, in troth it's very true;
And I am come to mak my plaint to you.

Sir Wil. [*Smiling.*] I lang to hear't—

Baul.—Ah, Sir! the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me, wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.

As she had tryl'd, I met wi'er this night;

But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!

For the curs'd hag, instead o' doing me good,

(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)

Rais'd up a ghait, or deil, I kenna whilk.

Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk:

Black hands it had, and face as wan as death.

Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,

And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,

Was labour'd as I wot to be at school.

My heart out o' it's hool was like to loup;

I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope.

Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite:

Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and ipite,

Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,

Hoping your help to gi'e the deil his due.

I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,

Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt.

Sir Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall

granted be;

Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour; soon shall I obey:

But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,

To catch her fast, ere she get leave to squeel,

And cast her cantrips that bring up the deil.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Sir Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid

than hurt,

The witch and ghait have made themselves good

sport.

What silly notions crowd the clouded mind

That is, through want of education, blind!

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic

thing,

As witches raising deels up through a ring,

Syne playing tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,

Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Wil. Such as, the devil's dancing in a moor

Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,

Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup

O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his doup;

Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,

Ast-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a fow:

Then wi' his train through airy paths to glide,

While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;

Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,

To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:

Then aft by night bumbaze hard-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboard, chairs, and
stools:

Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whiffies seem the most aford to me.

Sym. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a
witch

Had either meikle sence, or yet was rich:

But, Maufe, though poor, is a sagacious wife,

And lives a quiet and very honest life;

That gars me think this hoblefesh that's past

Will land in nothing but a joke at last.

Sir Wil. I'm sure it will: but see, increasing light

Commands the imps of darkness down to night;

Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare;

Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,

And darkness flies before the rising ray:

The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,

To follow healthful labours of the day.

Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow;

The lark and the linnet tend his levee,

And he joins their concert driving his plow,

From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss

Of half an estate, the prey of a main,

The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,

Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.

Be my portion health and quietness of mind,

Plac'd at due distance from parties and stare,

Where neither ambition nor avarice blind

Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,

Wi' a blew snood Jenny binds up her hair:

Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,

The rising sun shines moty thro' the reek;

A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,

And now and then his joke maun interveen.

Glaud. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till
night;

Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.

Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,

To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang.

But do you think, that now, when he's a laird,

That he poor lannward lasses will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure

He has mair sence than slight auld friends, tho' poor.

But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,

And kiss'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;

But be advis'd, his company refrain:

Before, he as a shepherd sought a wife,

Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life;

But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake

Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake!—what's that?—Sure if it means
ought ill,

He'll never be't; else I ha'e tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair;

Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.

A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame

To do what like of us thinks fin to name:

Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never slap

To brag how often they have had the clap.

They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' youdith

fluff'd,

Syne mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.

Be wary then, I say; and never gie
Encouragement, or baur'd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true; and many gentry mae than
As they are wiser, better are than we; [be,
But thinner fawn: they're sae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heav'n.—I've heard myself,
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor
judge, nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but cufie, debauch, and drink;
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better
things:—

But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

Enter Madge.

Madge. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er the
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate [gate,
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft
spell,

At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himself.

Glaud. Lend me my staff—*Madge*, lock the outer-
And bring the lassies wi' ye; I'll step before. [door.

[*Exit Glaud.*

Madge. Poor Meg! look, Jenny, was the like e'er
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look hereen! [seen?
This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh crows;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spouns, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-sward dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle 'rang the beauties clad in silk.

But Meg, poor Meg! mauch wi' the shepherd stay,
And tak what God will fend, in hoddin-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your
It's no my fault that I'm nae gentler born. [scorn?
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green,
Now since he rises, why shou'd I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, truth!—but we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [Ex.

SCENE III. PROLOGUE.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaudy and Maufe,
Attend, and wi' loud laughter bear
—Doff: Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now it's tell'd him that the tax
Was bandled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he brak good-breeding's laws,
And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

Sir Wil. And was that all? Weel, Bauldy, ye was
No otherwise than what ye well desert'd. [serv'd
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my fault thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Nepe.

Maufe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel:

Yet, wi' your honour's leave, though she's nae witch,
She's baith a sleet and a revengefu'—
And that my some-place finds—but I had best
Ha'd in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghast,
And the young bonny witch, whose rose cheek,
Sent me, without my wit, the deel to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

Sir Wil. [Looking at Peggy.] Whose daughter's
She that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this? I find
The girl brings all my sifter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.

—Is this your daughter, *Glaud*?—

Glaud.—Sir, she's my niece—
And yet she's not—but I shou'd hald my peace.

Sir Wil. This is a contradiction. What's ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, *Glaud*, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I shou'd mak appear
What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen year—

Maufe. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Wil. Speak soon; I'm all impatience—

Pat.—So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my master orders, I obey.—

This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May,
Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, worse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to a'

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me

Only about two towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms; the bairnie smil'd

Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story: she has past since syne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e ta'en.

Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle blood:

Of whom I kenna.—Naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir Wil. This tale seems strange!—

Pat.—The tale delights mine ear.

Sir Wil. Command your joys, young man, till

truth appear.

Maufe. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be

hush;

Peggy may smile—thou hast nae cause to blush.

Lang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth gie ways;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name,

The best and nearest friend that she can claim:

He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace

His sifter's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Wil. Old woman, do not rave—prove what

you say;

'Tis dangerous, in affairs like this, to play.

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have

To tell a lye, when she's sae near her grave?

But how, or why, it shou'd be truth, I grant,

I, every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnis. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

Sir Wil. Make haste, good woman, and resolve

each doubt.

[*Maufe goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir*

William.

Maufe. Sir, view me weel; has fifteen years so

plow'd

A wrinkled face that you ha'e often view'd,

That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

Sir Wil. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes
before?

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more:
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit
by him.*]

—Yes, surely thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
But no more words; till Maufe relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, gae on; nae music's half sae fine,
Or can gi'e pleasure like these words of thine.

Maufe. Then it was I that fav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess't,
All this to me a confident confest.

I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
At midnight-hour, the floor I softly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away;
Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day:
All day I hid me—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your chearfu' swains;
Afraid of being found out, I to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glau'd himself, and Symon, may
Remember weel, how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little cove.

Glau'd. [With tears of joy bapping down his beard.]

I weel remember't; Lord reward your love:
Lang ha'e I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge sometime shou'd about be brought.

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt—my joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows; and wou'd, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Wil. My niece! my daughter! welcome to
my care:

Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well-natch'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as eicher would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.*]

Pat. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir Wil. [Rais'es them.] I give you both my blef-
sing; may your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
While I'm half dizzy wi' the blest surprize.

And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William blest the happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:
Th' estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glau'd. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Wil. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.

I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:
For his sake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.

Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?

See how much joy unwinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

Sir Wil. Kindly old man, remain with you this
I never from these fields again will stray: [day!
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear;
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year;
New day breaks up, rough time begins to clear.

Glau'd. Gad save the king, and save Sir William
lang,

I'll enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Reg. Wha winna dance; wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle-winna lilt the spring?

Bauld. I'm friends wi' Maufe—wi' very Madge
I'm 'greed,

Altho' they skelpit me when woody fleid.

I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,

To join and sing, Lang may Sir William live.

Madge. Lang may he live: and, Bauldy, learn
to steek

Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.

This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
Qf our young lady—my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.—

And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchless kindness done to me?

Maufe. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Wil. To faithful Symon, and kind Glau'd,
to you,

And to your heirs, I give, in endless feu,

The malien's ye possels, as justly due,

For acting like kind fathers to the pair,

Who have enough besides, and these can spare.

Maufe, in my house in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of heav'n return your honour's
love,

Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Pat. [Presenting Roger to Sir William.] Sir, here's
my trusty friend, that always shar'd

My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird;

Glau'd's daughter Janet (Jenny, thinkna shame)

Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:

Lang was he dumb; at last he spake, and won,

And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:

Be pleas'd to speak to Glau'd for his consent,

That name may wear a face of discontent. [me crave,

Sir Wil. My son's demand is fair.—Glau'd, let

That trusty Roger may your daughter have,

With frank consent; and while he does remain

Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glau'd. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what

can we say,

But that we're dyours that can ne'er repay?

Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.

—Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing, tak,
And fill our master's right your business mak.
Please him, be faithfu', and this auld grey head
Shall nod with quietness down among the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise;
But for my master, rather, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir Wil. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all be-
have,

Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd:
Aft, when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.

Now, all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear. }
Fg. When you demand, I readiest shou'd obey;
I'll sing you aye, the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XX. Corn-riggs are bonny.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;

His breath is sweeter than new hay,

His face is fair and ruddy:

His shape is handsome, middle size:

He's comely in his wauking:

The shining of his een surprise;

It's heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a baw,

Where yellow corn was growing;

There mony a kindly word he spake,

That set my heart a-glowing.

He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,

And loo'd me best of ony;

That gars me like to sing sin syne,

Oh, corn-riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind

Refuse what maist they're wanting;

Since we for yielding are design'd,

We chafely should be granting.

Then I'll comply, and marry Patie;

And syne my cockernony

He's free to touzel air or late,

Where corn-riggs are bonny.

7 MA 33

